*Rom:* My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
*Iul:* I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
*Rom:* All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes,
*Iul:* *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.
*Fr:* Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
*Rom:* Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
*Iul:* Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
*Fr:* O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.*

*Ben:* I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.
*Mer:* Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.
*Ben:* Am I like such a one?
*Mer:* Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
be mooud.
*Ben:* And what too?
*Mer:* Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue picked out
such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd



wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and
with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.
*Ben:* By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Mer:* By my heele I care not.
*Tyb:* Gentlemen a word with one of you.
*Mer:* But one word with one of vs? You had best couple
it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.
*Tyb:* I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.
*Mer:* Could you not take occasion?
*Tyb:* *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?
*Mer:* Consort. Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fid-
lers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For
heeres my fiddle-sticke.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb:* Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.
*Mer:* But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary
go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in
that sence your worship may call him man.
*Tyb:* *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no bet-
ter words then these, thou art a villaine.
*Rom:* *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the
appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-
fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.
*Tyb:* Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore
drawe.
*Ro:* I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee bet-
ter than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of
my loue.
*Mer:* O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.
*Tyb:* What wouldest with me?



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